# CH 9: ON SEEKING INTERCESSION THROUGH THE PROPHET, (UPON HIM BE PRAYERS AND PEACE)

Khadamtuhu bimadeehin astaqeelu bihee, Zunuuba umrin madaa fish-shi-e-ri wal khidami

I have served him in this poetic praise hoping to redeem The errors of a life misspent in courtly verse and patronage;

Iz qalladaaniya maa tukhshaa awaaqimuhu, Ka-annanee bihimaa hadyun minan-na-ami

Since both have fettered me with a yoke that portends a bad end, As if I was a sacrificial lamb, singled out for slaughter.

Ata-e-tu ghayya sibaa fil-haalatayni wa maa, Hasaltu illaa alal-aasaami wan-nadami

In both pursuits I obeyed the desires of a delirious youth, Gaining nothing in the end but wrongs and the remorse that follows.

Fayaa khasaraata nafsin fee tidjaaratihaa, Lam tashtarid-deena bid-dunyaa walam tasumi

What loss my soul has suffered in its commerce! In exchange for this world,

It didn't purchase the next, nor even enter into the transaction.

Wa man yabi-e aadjilan minhu bi-aadjilihee, Yabin lehul-ghubnu fee bay-in wa fee salami

Selling off long-term assets there for short-term gains here, One soon sees the treachery this type of dealing brings.

In aati zanban famaa ahdee bimuntaqidin, Minan-nabiyyi walaa hablee bimunsarimi

Even should I have future sins, in this prophet
My faith remains firm and my connection tightly bound.
[Interlude]

Fa-inna lee zimmatan minhu bitasmiyatee, Muhammadan wahwa awfal khalqi biz-zimami

Simply by my name being Muhammad, I must have a covenant with him.

And of all creation, he is the most faithful in keeping covenants.

In lam yakun fee ma-aadee aakhizan biyadee, Fadlan wa illaa faqul yaa zallatal-qadami

In the next life, if he takes me bounteously by my hand, then say "What a jubilee!" If not, then cry, "What a catastrophe!"

Haashaahu an yuhrimar-raadjee makaarimahu, Aw yardji-al-djaaru minhu ghayra muhtarimi

Far be it from him to withhold his virtues from anyone in deed, Or that reaching his refuge one should return empty-handed, unprotected.

Wa munzu alzamtu afkaaree madaa-ihahu, Wadjadtuhu likhalaasee khayra multazimi

Since I have focused all my thoughts on praising alone, He has proved the best of those committed to my ultimate salvation.

Walan yafuutal-ghinaa minhu yadan taribat, Innal-hayaa yunbitul-azhaara fil-ikami

His charity will not exclude a hand that poverty has soiled, See how rain brings forth flowers on foothills that were barren!

Walam urid zahratad-dunyaa leti-qtatafat, Yadaa zuhayrin bimaa asnaa alaa hirami.

But it is no longer the prize-flowers of this world that I long for, Like those the court-poet Zuhair received for praising king Harim.